



### The Vagabond

Mary Ellen Concannon

Love is a transient thing.  
Like a wandering vagabond,  
Spending a night here and a week there.  
If he comes to you, treat him kindly;  
Happiness and joy are his stock in trade,  
Sadness and tears, his fee.

If he leaves a child of joy,  
Raise it in the rays of love from which it came.  
If he leaves a memory—keep it,  
Water it with a few sad tears,  
And nourish it with reminiscent happiness.  
For the doors on which he knocks are few.